

EXCLAMATORY.
At such a distance from the shore,
But there I heard
No voices save
The roar of the sea.
I saw the boatmen's shadows,
The gleam of the
The gleam of the
And seemed to fill the building spaces.
I could not hear the voices—
Oh, Lore!
My future bride,
Was by my side—
I found all else a mighty void!
And when pealed forth the ocean's thunder—
Oh, Lore!
I fixed my eyes
In mute surprise,
On her whose beauty was a wonder,
To me that maiden was most dear,
Oh, Lore!
And she was mine,
Joy too divine,
For human words to picture here.
Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me—
Oh, Lore!
Before she came,
My life was tame,
My rarest joys could but oppress me.
The service done, we sought the shore—
Oh, Lore!
And there we wed,
And sadly talked,
More sadly talked than ever before.
I thought she was the type of goodness—
Oh, goodness!
But on that day
I heard her say
Plain words whose very tone was ruthlessness.
We strayed beyond the tide-mill's dam—
Oh, Lore!
She lifted me
And now I see
That woman's love is all a sham!

A WONDERFUL STORY.

Henry M. Stanley's Account of His Tremendous Adventures on the Victoria Nyanza—Desperate Encounters with Unfriendly Savages—Adrift on the Great Lake—Stanley Kills Fourteen Negroes and Wounds Eight—What He Accomplished in the Way of a Survey.

(Correspondence of the New York Herald.)

MANYOIA ISLAND, THREE MILES FROM BUMBIREH ISLAND, LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA, July 29, 1875.—This expedition which you have intrusted to me seems destined to meet with adventures more than enough. When a boy I loved to read books of adventure and travel, especially of the Mayne Reid type, and followed their several heroes with breathless interest through all their varied fortunes; but since I have been compelled lately to act the hero of the adventure, I find that it is not so consistent with peace of mind and a comfortable night's rest, however glorious a thing it may appear on paper, you may take my word for it, I would much rather read of the adventure than be an actor in it.

FOURTEEN TRIPS CHILD'S PLAY.

As I compare my former trip to Ujiji with this journey I am forced to admit that the former was mere child's play. The adventures we have gone through already, if faithfully related, would fill a good-sized volume, while, I may say, we have but begun our journey as yet.

Continuing my narrative of our journey from Uganda to Usukuma by the western shore of Lake Nyanza, I resume it from the point I left off in my last letter—viz., the Kagera river, or the Kitunguru.

AFRICAN BEER COBBLERS.

The next afternoon we camped at Makongoro, and received an apparently friendly welcome by the natives, each of whom was engaged, as we landed, in the grave occupation of imbibing pome, or beer, by means of long straw pipes, exactly as we take a "sherry cobbler" or "mint julep" in the United States. The chief slightly reeled as he came forward to salute me, and his eyes had that uncertain gaze which seemed to hint that he saw double, or two white men where there was only one. However, he and his people were good natured—and contented with our arrival.

About 10 p. m. we were all awakened from sleep by a furious drumming, accompanied by shouting and shrill cries. The Waganda said that this drumming and yelling was welcome to the white stranger. I did not believe them, and therefore put my people on their guard, ordered them to load their guns and place them under their sleeping mats, and arranged all my own in a handy and safe position. Except the continued drumming and yelling nothing occurred during the night, but at daybreak we found ourselves in presence of about 500 warriors, armed with bow, shield, and spear, who had crept quietly near the camp, and then had stood up in a semicircle, preventing all escape save by water. I was so astonished by this sudden apparition of such a large body of armed men that I could barely believe that we were still in Messa's territory.

SILENT BUT MIGHTY DANGER.

There was also something very curious in their demeanor, for there was no shouting, yelling, or frantic behavior, as we had several times witnessed on the part of the savages when about to commit themselves by a desperate deed. They all wore a composed though a stern and determined aspect. It was a terrible moment to us. We knew not what to make of these hundreds of armed savages, who persisted in being silent and gave no hint as to their intentions, unless the forest of spears might be taken as a clear, unmistakable, and explicit hint that their object was a bloody one. We feared to make a movement lest it might precipitate a catastrophe which might possibly be averted; so we remained a few minutes silently surveying each other.

ORDERED AWAY BY THE GRIEF.

The silence was soon broken, however, by the appearance of the chief, who had welcomed us (though he was then inebriated) the night before. He had a long stick in his hand, which he flourished before the faces of the savages, and by this means drove them several paces backward. He then came forward, and striking the boat, ordered us to get off, and he himself lent a hand to shove the boat into the lake.

As the boat glided into the water another chief came forward and asked us what we meant by drawing our boat up

so far on their beach. We replied that indeed, I was struck to admiration by the mainly way in which they stated our we had done it to protect the boat from the surf, and were about to add more reasons when the first chief cut the matter short by ordering us to shove off and go and camp on Musira island, distant four miles, whither he would follow us with food.

We were nothing loath to obey such good counsel, and soon put a distance of 100 yards between ourselves and the hostile beach. As the Waganda were not yet out of danger, we prepared our guns to sweep the beach. So dense was the crowd of armed men near the water line that we might have taken a fearful revenge had we been so vengefully disposed, or had the necessity of saving the Waganda compelled us to fire. Happily though, our friends, not without loud remonstrance and much worldly altercation, embarked in safety and followed us to Musira island. Here the chief came, and, learning our wants and objects, sent off three branches of bananas which he presented to us, and then left us to our fate.

KING MESA'S FLEET.

In the afternoon we sighted our Grand Admiral Magassa, with a large fleet of canoes, paddling slowly to a neighboring island, where he camped for the night. Desirous of quickening his movements I sailed from Musira island for Alicolai, distant thirty-five miles. The two chiefs of our escorting canoes accompanied us a mile or two, and then, alarmed by the aspect of the weather, turned back, shouting to us at the same time that as soon as the weather moderated they would follow us.

It was near midnight when we arrived at Alicolai, and by steering for a light on shore we fortunately found a snug, well-sheltered cove. The light we discovered was that of the fire made by some Bumbireh fishermen curing fish. My men were so hungry that they resolved to seize this food, to the great alarm and terror of its owners. I restrained my people and quieted the fears of the fishermen by giving a double price for a quantity of fish sufficient for the day's provision for the boat's crew.

HIGH PRICED REBILES.

When daylight came we found ourselves at the foot of a huge beetling cliff, and discovered that we had taken shelter near a kind of pent-house formed by overhanging rocks, which were now blackened with the smoke of many fires. The natives of the island came down to visit us, holding out wisps of green grass as a sign of peace and friendliness. But, though they were friendly enough, they were so extortionate in their demands that we gained nothing by their friendship, and were compelled to depart at noon, with every prospect of starvation before us, unless Bumbireh island (a large and populous island lying southwest of Alicolai, about twenty-five miles), to which I determined to sail, furnished us with food.

A NIGHT OF STORM.

Amid rain, thunder, lightning, and a sounding surf on all sides, we dropped anchor under the lee of Pocock's island about midnight. It rained and thundered throughout the night, and we had much trouble to keep our boat afloat by constant bailing.

At daybreak we hurried away from our dangerous anchorage before a steady, strong breeze from the northeast, and within three hours drew near the comfortable little cove near the village of Kajuri, at the southerly extremity of Bumbireh island. As we looked on the plenty which green slopes, garnished with large groves of bananas and dotted with herds of fat cattle, promised, we anticipated an abundance of good food, ripe bananas, a fat goat, a large supply of milk, and other things good for famishing men. But we were disappointed to hear the large number of people on the plateau above the village shouting their war cry.

TO EAT OR DIE.

Still we pressed nearer the beach; hunger gave us much confidence, and a rich tribute, we were sure, would pacify the most belligerent chief. Perceiving that we persisted in approaching their shore, the people rushed down the slope of the plateau toward us. Prudence whispered to me to at least get ready our guns, which I accordingly did, and then rowed slowly toward the beach, certain that, if hostilities began, indications of such would appear in time to enable us to withdraw from the shore.

We halted at a distance of twenty yards from shore, and I observed that the wild behavior of the natives changed, as they approached nearer, to effability and friendliness. We exchanged the usual greetings, and were invited to come ashore in such tones as dissipated the least suspicion from our minds. No sooner, however, had the keel of the boat grounded than the apparently friendly natives rushed in a body and seized the boat and dragged her high and dry on land, with all on board. The reader may imagine the number of natives required to perform this feat when I state that the boat, baggage, and crew weighed nearly 4,000 pounds.

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

Twice I missed my revolvers to kill and be killed, but the crew restrained me, saying it was premature to fight, as these people were friends, and all would be right. Accordingly I sat down in the stern sheets and waited patiently for the decisive moment. The savages fast increased in numbers, and the hubbub grew greater. Violent language and more violent action we received without comment or word on our part. Spears were held in their hands as if on the land; arrows were drawn to the head and pointed at each of us with frenzied looks and eyes almost bursting out of their sockets.

THE BLACK PURVES.

The apparently friendly savages seemed to be how personified furies. Throughout all the scenes of civilized and savage life which I have witnessed, I never saw mad rage or wild fury painted so true before on human features. It led them to the verge of absurdity even. They struck the ground and the boat, slashed the air with their spears, but they shed no blood. The chief, Shekka, prevented this, reserving that pleasure, I presume, for a more opportune time, when a new excitement would be required.

Our interpreters, in the meantime, were by no means idle; they employed to the utmost whatever gifts of persuasion nature had endowed them with and fear created in them, without, however, exhibiting any servility or meanness.

objects and purposes in traveling on the Nyanza, and by the composure of their bearing. The savages themselves observed this and commented on it with surprise. This calm behavior of the crew and interpreters acted as a sedative on the turbulence and ranting violence of the savages, though it broke out now and then, sputtering fitfully with the wildest of gestures and most murderous demonstrations.

THREE MORTAL HOURS.

For three hours I sat in the stern sheets of the boat observing all these preliminaries of a tragedy which I felt sure was about to be enacted, silent, except now and then communicating a suggestion to the interpreters, and seemingly an unconcerned spectator. But I was not idle. I wished to impose on the savages by my behavior. I was busily planning a resistance and an escape. As we were in their power, it only remained for us to be quiet until they proceeded to acts of violence, and in the meantime endeavor to purchase peace, or at least postpone the strife.

Conformably with these ideas the interpreters were instructed to offer cloths and beads to the chief Shekka, who appeared to have despotic authority over all, judging from the reverence and ready obedience paid to his commands. Shekka demanded four cloths and ten necklaces of large beads as his price for permitting us to depart in peace. They were paid to him. Having secured them, he ordered his people to seize our oars, which was done before we knew what they were about. This was the second time that Shekka had acted cunningly and treacherously, and a loud jeering laugh from his people showed him how much they appreciated his wit.

A PROSPECTIVE HONEY PEACE.

After seizing the oars Shekka and his people slowly returned to their village to eat their noon meal and discuss what other measures should be adopted toward the strangers. A woman came near us and told us to eat honey with Shekka, as it was the only way to save our lives, for Shekka and his people had determined to kill us and take everything we had. The coxswain of the boat was sent to offer terms of brotherhood to Shekka. The coxswain was told to be at ease, no harm was intended us, and on the next day Shekka promised he and his people should eat honey and make lasting and sure brotherhood with us.

The coxswain returned to us with triumphant looks, and he speedily communicated his own assurance to the crew. But I checked this over-confidence and trustfulness in such cunning and treacherous people, and told them to trust in nothing save our own wit, and by no means to leave the neighborhood of the boat, for their act would be to seize the oars. Immediately the crew saw the truth of this suggestion, and had no reason to complain that they paid no heed to my words.

"GOING TO CUT OUR THROATS."

At 3 p. m. the natives began to assemble on the ridge of a low hill, about 100 yards from the boat, and presently drums were heard beating the call to war until within half an hour about 500 warriors had gathered around Shekka, who was sitting down addressing his people. When he had done, about fifty rushed down and took our drum, and kindly told us to get our guns ready for fight, as they were coming presently to cut our throats.

As soon as I saw the savages had arrived in the presence of Shekka with our drum, I shouted to my men to push the boat into the water. With one desperate effort my crew of eleven men seized the boat as if she had been a mere toy and shot her far into the water. The impetus they had given her caused her to drag them all into the deep water. In the meantime the savages, uttering furious howls of disappointment and baffled rage, came rushing like a whirlwind toward the water's edge.

SOME SHARP SHOOTING.

I discharged my elephant rifle, with its two large cannon balls, into their midst; and then, assisting one of the crew into the boat, told him to help his fellows in while I continued to fight. My double-barreled shot-gun, loaded with buckshot, was next discharged with terrible effect, for, without drawing a single bow or launching a single spear, they retreated up the slope of the hill, leaving us to exert our wits to get the boat out of the cove before the enemy should decide to man their canoes.

The crew was composed of picked men, and in this dire emergency they did ample justice to my choice. Though we were without oars the men were at no loss for a substitute. As soon as they found themselves in the boat they tore up the seats and footboards, and began to paddle the boat out as though she were a canoe, while I was left to single out with my rifle the most prominent and boldest of the enemy.

THE ELEPHANT'S WIT.

Twice in succession I succeeded in dropping men determined on launching the canoes, and seeing the sub-chief who had commanded the party that took the drum I took deliberate aim with my elephant rifle at him. The bullet, as I have since been told, killed the chief and his wife and infant, who happened to be standing a few paces behind him, and this extraordinary result had more effect on the superstitious minds of the natives than all previous or subsequent shots.

On getting out of the cove we saw two canoes loaded with men coming in, I perceived them to come within 100 yards of us, and this time I used the elephant rifle with explosive balls. Four shots killed five men and sank the canoes.

"GO AND DIE IN THE NYANZA!"

This decisive affair disheartened the enemy, and we were left to pursue our way unmolested, not, however, without hearing a ringing voice shouting out to us, "Go and die in the Nyanza!" When the savages counted their losses they found fourteen dead and eight wounded with buckshot, which I consider to be very dear payment for the robbery of eight ash oars and a drum, though barely equivalent in our estimation to the intended massacre of ourselves.

OUT ON THE LAKE.

Favored by a slight breeze from the land we hoisted our sail, and by night were eight miles southeast of Bumbireh. A little after dusk the breeze died, and we continued on our course paddling. All night I kept the boat moving, making, however, but little progress through

the water. At sunrise we were about twenty miles southeast of Bumbireh, and by noon were about twenty-five miles off. At this time we had a strong breeze from the northwest, and we sped before it at the rate of five knots an hour. At sunset we were about twelve miles northeast of Sosua or Gosua island, and if the breeze continued favorable we hoped to be able to make a haven some time before nightfall. But the breeze, about 8 p. m., rose to a fierce gale, and, owing to the loss of our oars, we could not keep the boat before the wind.

THE STORM—DEATH ON EVERY HAND.

As we were swept by the island we made frantic efforts to get to leeward, but it was to no purpose; we therefore resigned ourselves to the wind and waves, the furious rain and horror of the heavens. Most of our readers, no doubt, have experienced a gale of wind at sea; few, however, can have witnessed it in a small boat. But our situation was more dangerous even than the latter. We had rocks and unknown islands in our neighborhood, and a few miles further a main land peopled by savages, who would have no scruple in putting us to death or making slaves of us, if our boat capsize the crocodiles of the lake would make short work of us; if we were driven on an uninhabited island death by starvation awaited us.

Yet, with all these terrors, we were so worn out with hunger, fatigue, and anxiety that, excepting the watchman, we all fell asleep, though awakened now and then by his voice calling the men to bale the boat out.

REFUGEE ISLAND.

At daybreak the tempest and high waves subsided, and we perceived we had drifted eight miles westward of Sosua, and to within six miles of the large island of Mysomeh. We had not a morsel of food in the boat; I had but a little ground coffee, and we had tasted nothing else for forty-eight hours; yet the crew, when called to resume their rough paddles, cheerfully responded and did their duty manfully. A gentle breeze set in from the westward, which bore us quickly east of Sosua, and carried us by 2 p. m. to an island which I have distinguished by the name of Refugee island.

On exploring this island we found it to be about two miles in circumference, to have been formerly inhabited and cultivated, and, to our great joy, we found an abundance of green bananas, and of a small ripe fruit resembling cherries in appearance and size, but having the taste of dates. To add to this bounty I succeeded in shooting two brace of large fat ducks, and when night closed in on us, in our snug and secure camp close by a strip of sandy beach, few people that night blessed God more fervently than we did.

INHOSPITABLE SLINGERS.

We rested a day on Refugee island, during which time we made amends for the scarcity we had suffered, then feeling on the second day somewhat recovered, we set sail for Singo island. We imagined we were near enough to Ukusuma to venture to visit it, situated a mile south of Singo, whose slopes were verdant with the frondage of banana and plantain, but, on attempting to land, we met by a force of natives who rudely repulsed us with stones shot from slings. Our cartridges being all spoiled by the late rainy weather we were unable to do more than hoist sail and speed away to more kindly shores.

LAYING IN SUPPLIES.

Two days afterward our boat rounded the southwestern extremity of Wiro, a peninsula of Ukerewe, and rode on the gray waters of Speke gulf, the distant shore line of Usukuma bounding the view south about twenty miles off. A strong head wind rising, we turned into a small bay in Wiro peninsula, where we purchased meat, potatoes, milk, honey, ripe and green bananas, eggs, and poultry; and while our boat was at anchor, cooked these delicacies on board and ate with such relish and appetite as only starving men can properly appreciate, grateful to Providence and kindly disposed to all men.

HAILSTONES BIG AS FILIBERTS.

At midnight, taking advantage of a favorable wind, we set sail for Usukuma. About 3 a. m. we were nearly in mid-gulf, and here the field wind failed us; and then, as if resolved we should taste to the utmost all its power, it met us with a tempest of hailstones as large as filiberts from the north-northeast. The sky was robed in inky blackness, not a star was visible, vivid lightnings, accompanied by loud thunder crashes, and waves which tossed us up and down as though we were imprisoned in a gourd, lent their terrors to this fearful night. Again we let the boat drift whither it might, as all our efforts to keep on our course were useless and vain. Indeed, we began to think that the curse of the people of Bumbireh, "Go and die in the Nyanza," might be realized after all, though I had much faith in the staunch boat which Messenger, of Teddington, so conscientiously built.

RETURN TO CAMP.

A gray, cheerless raw morning dawned at last, and we discovered ourselves to be ten miles north of Rawoma, and twenty miles northwest of Kagehi, at which latter place my camp was situated. We put forth our best efforts, hoisted sail, and though the wind was but little in our favor at first, it soon rewarded our perseverance, and merrily rushing tall waves came booming astern of us, so that we sailed in triumph along the well-known shores of Usukuma straight to camp. Shouts of welcome greeted us from shore, when even many miles away; but as we drew near the shouts changed to volleys of musketry and waving of flags, and the land seemed alive with leaping forms of glad-hearted men, for we had been fifty-seven days absent from our people, and many a false rumor of our death, strengthened each day as our absence grew longer, was now dissipated by the appearance of the Lady Alice, sailing joyously to the port of Kagehi.

JOYFUL GREETINGS.

As the keel grounded over fifty men bounded to the water, dragged me from the boat, and danced me round camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of human forms, and Saxon hurrahs. Having vented their joy they set me down and all formed a circle, many men deep, to hear the news, which was given with less detail than I have the honor to write to you. So ended our exploration of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

H. M. STANLEY.

GRASSHOPPERS.

A Thousand Miles of the Plague—Their Ravages in Iowa and the Danger for Next Year.

(Special Letter to Des Moines Register.) It is apparent to the most ordinary observer of these regions that the grasshoppers are vastly increasing in numbers, if not in the lengthening of their line of march east and west. The line now extends a thousand miles or more east and west, starting from somewhere inside of the line of the British possessions, and now reach such as far down as the north third of the State, doing incalculable damage to all the cultivated green vegetation they can find. In from twelve to forty-eight hours they destroy whole fields of corn and yet growing cereals, and gardens and potatoes. They are thus far not yet sufficiently large in numbers to materially injure the prairie grasses, but if all the eggs they are now depositing will hatch next year, I cannot see how they can possibly sustain themselves while yet in their caterpillar state without feeding very largely on, and to the great injury of our prairie grasses—that is, until they can fly.

Near this village a gentleman counted the number of grasshopper eggs in space of ground six inches square and found 1,340 eggs, and in this village a gentleman found 340 in one inch square of ground. At this rate, if all deposited shall come to perfection, it will require but very few acres of grasshopper nests to the section of land to need every spear of grass on the section to feed them. How far north and south and how far east and west this incubation field extends, we cannot say, but experience teaches that every migrating cloud of the pests leaves, at all events, stragglers—occupying forces, to impregnate the land with their progeny with a view to holding the land conquered. It is true that now and then they fail to do so in small districts within their territories. But then they seldom fail when again at their migrating condition, to recover these neglected districts. We had them here in 1873, their progeny in 1874. These, however, left at too early a period for the laying of any eggs, so that in 1875 we had none. Nor were there any eggs deposited in Iowa, perhaps, in 1875, certainly not in any county south of the north tier of counties, yet they are here in greater numbers than they have been within the memory of any one from Minnesota, and there are, we are informed, clouds and clouds of them, following these, from regions still further north, and in still increased numbers. In Western Minnesota they have been every year for four years, and doubtless will be there again next year.

They are here nine days now, and unless they leave within a few days there will not be one-quarter of an average crop of corn, while the greater number of farmers will have none at all, and many late pieces of oats and wheat will be, and in fact in many instances are already, ruined. We here in this county (Clay) are better prepared for this grasshopper raid than we were four years since, but our prospects for next year are more gloomy than what our prospects for 1874 were, because, if you take hundreds of thousands of a multiplier and multiply the number of eggs deposited in 1873 by it, you will very distantly approximate the number of eggs now being laid. Unless the natural course of grasshopper events will be successfully interfered with, we will have comparatively no crop in 1877, if any, even though they leave now at once, and no others come.

Justice in Canyon City.

Court opened at midnight, sharp. Judge Lynch sent his messengers to the Canyon City (Oregon) Jail, and the prisoners, two Mexicans, were brought to the bar. What had they to say for themselves? Well, they had done it, but a woman had put them up to it. She had told them that the Oregon horse-dealer had a large amount of money in his belt. He hired them to go with him on his trip, and the night after they left Canyon City they had murdered him while he was asleep, smashing in his skull with a large stone. Each accused the other of striking the fatal blow. Judge Lynch found blood-stains on the clothing of each, and abruptly sentenced them to be hanged at once. One of them was strung up under a bridge with a pair of leather lines. The other, after a desperate attempt to escape, was hanged to a tree in the Mexican quarter of the town. The trial and execution occupied scarcely an hour, and the docket having been cleared, the court adjourned.

Trouble About a Kiss.

It is not customary to bestow real kisses on lovers in the performances at the Vienna theaters. A failure to observe the custom in this respect has brought serious misfortune upon a handsome tenor, Bastiano Widmann by name. He saluted the soprano honestly on the lips, much to her surprise. She requested him in future to refrain from such demonstration, and to make sure of it, exclaimed at the second representation of the same opera, when the kissing time arrived, loud enough for the audience to hear, "I will excuse you from the kiss." The open insult infuriated the tenor, and he retorted coarsely: "Thank God for that! Who wants to kiss such an old thing!" The consequence is that the tenor is now seeking a situation elsewhere, and the pretty soprano is kissed no more in public.

Bloody Affray.

A terrible shooting affray was recently enacted in Franklin county, Ky. Three brothers by the name of Herrod, returning home from a barbecue in Frankfort, were overtaken by James Andrew, Aleck Scott, George Herrod, William Penn and Sam Ayers. The latter party rode ahead, procured axes, waited and then engaged with the smaller party in firing pistols and shot-guns. The results were the death of Riley Herrod, and Levi Herrod fatally wounded in the breast and face. All the parties have since been arrested. The affair was caused by an old family feud.

PROF. HENRY, of Iowa, says if the earth were exposed in space without an envelope of atmosphere and without receiving any radiation of heat, it would sink to 500 degrees below freezing, and no vegetation or life could exist upon it.

MY BOUQUET.

A cluster of rustling autumn leaves
I gathered last fall;
Maple and aspen and berries fair,
And drooping vines with their colorful rare,
Colors which only proud autumn weaves
In her robes. That's all!

But! 'tis a rare bouquet to me—
All purple and gold;
Pondered with pictures of blushing red—
Each leaf a story relates, the dew—
A story I vain would tell to thee,
Were it not so old.

The first I plucked from a royal tree,
Where the Bushkill flows,
Under its branches a pair I know
Spoke love for hours, some months ago,
While these leaves were dancing merrily
On one of its boughs.

And these I plucked from a tree that grew
In a shady dell;
Where it shook all day as if 'twere cold,
Like a poor man when his heart grows old,
Singing each day as the summer flew,
A soft farewell.

Wit and Humor.

Long and successful reign—the deluge.

The Texas steer is something to steer clear from.

A sequel to the recent excitement in land—the earthquake in Greece.

One of the proudest moments of a fat man's life is when he can eat buckwheat cakes without getting molasses on his shirt front.

The Philadelphia Bulletin accounts for sneaking Sunday boots by saying, "It is because their soles haven't been aisled for a week."

Artist—I've been jolly queer lately. Do you think I work too hard? Dealer in fine arts (plain spoken)—Undoubtedly your work is about as hard as anything could be.

It was rather personal in a California newspaper man to chronicle the purchase of a mile by a brother editor as a "remarkable instance of self-possession."

She "didn't want any more; had already had a surf-act," was what a sea-bathing young lady said after being tipped over by a roller and trying to scream under water.

Another man whose memory ought not to be permitted to perish is gone. He lived near Fredericksburg, Va., and his father was kicked out of a water-melon patch by George Washington.

A Kentucky schoolmaster whose wife was one of his pupils had occasion to punish her one day. The next day the school-house door bore this inscription: "School closed for one week; school-master ill."

Mrs. Henry says that John is just the stupidest man in the world. She ate too much green corn, the other day, and got the colic; and what did the old idiot do but send for the corn-doctor.—Cincinnati Times.

GRATITUDE STRONG IN DEATH.

A bachelor who lately died, Willard that his lawyer should divide, In equal parts, his property, Among three women who survived, Whom in his day he would have wived; "For," with a grateful smile, he said, "It is to them alone I owe My happiness while here below."

Teacher—"Johnny, how did Enoch go to heaven?" Johnny—"Don't know, ma'am." Teacher—"Why, Enoch was translated; God took him up to heaven without dying." Johnny—"By golly, then, that's the line I'm going on!"—The Packer Quarterly.

"CHILDREN," said a minister, addressing a Sunday-school, "why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?" And a small boy in the infant class, whose breath smelled of vermicelli, rose up and made reply: "Worms!" And the minister crept under the pulpit to hide his emotion.

A lady, as a birthday present, gave her little son a fishing line, hook and pole. A few hours later she heard him scream, and rushing out discovered that one of her chickens had swallowed the hook. "Don't be uneasy, mamma," said the robin; "she'll stop chafing the line when she reaches the pole."

"Pa," exclaimed Elanathan Dorkins, Jr., to his respected sire, "pa, what's the difference 'tween a elephant and a tree?" Mr. Dorkins said something about both having trunks, but was scornfully interrupted by his offspring, who shouted, "Cause the tree leaves in the spring and the elephant leaves when the menagerie leaves."

At a railway station two gentlemen belonging to the district were warming themselves in the waiting-room, when a son of the Emerald Isle, "rather out at elbows," entered the room. One of the gentlemen, characteristically humorous, said to him: "I'll be after giving you my chair to warm yourself for a sixpence." "Will you?" was the reply. "I'll be after letting you keep it for a shilling; and it's meself that has much need of one just now."

DENY no longer that animals have reason. On one of the streets near the Bourse is a wise old dog who for years has roamed the sidewalks without a muzzle and fearing no arrest. When in the dog-days he perceives that a policeman is eyeing him he trots away to the hydrant and takes a drink of water with great relish. "Ah! ha!" says the officer, "that dog hasn't the hydrophobia, anyway," and he passes on. Thereon the sagacious animal spits out the water, because if he should swallow all the lapped he would unquestionably die of dropsy.—Paris Figaro.

Humiliating a Senator.

A general history of Poland says: "The convicted calumniator of a Senator in Poland was compelled, in full Senate, to lie on the ground under the stare of him whose honor he had attacked, and then declare aloud, that in spreading abroad injurious reports against the honorable Senator, he, the calumniator, had lied like a dog. He must, then, three different times, imitate the barking of a dog."